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THE CHAPEL OF THE FOREST.

BY CANON SCHMID.

(Continued from page 399.)

CHAPTER V.

PETER THE ANCHORET.

The sight of a young man, talking to Louisa in such a familiar manner, astonished the good lady not a little: but the young girl gave her no time to ask who he was, for she threw herself into her arms, and in a joyful tone of voice, exclaimed: "O mother! I have such good news for you! I have just found my brother again. I met him in the Chapel of the Forest, and here he is."

"Is it possible, Louisa? What! this young man your brother?"

"Yes, it is he most surely; for no one in the world besides, could have given me the particulars he has done about my dead father; and besides, my heart told me he was no impostor."

The lady examined the young man, and found that his features bore a most striking resemblance to those of Louisa. She made him sit down, and asked him a multitude of questions.

Meanwhile the neighbours came pouring in, and though the news had already spread, Louisa was too full of her good fortune, not to tell it again and again to every new-comer. Many of them immediately perceived the likeness he bore to Louisa, which the old lady had before observed; while some of the shrewd worthies of the town sagely shook their heads, as if they doubted the truth of what they heard. At last Conrad, to silence every doubt, took out his pocket-book, opened it, and showed them his passport, which contained his age, with a full description of his person, naming the place of his birth, &c. He then displayed a certificate given to him by his master, under whom he had learnt the trade of a brazier, and another from the curate of the parish, testifying his holy life and good conduct; and thus he convinced even the most incredulous that he was really the brother of Louisa. Every suspicion instantly vanished, and all present congratulated the young man and his sister on their happy meeting. Louisa joyfully told them, how by means of her prayer-book, which she had forgotten in the *Chapel of the Forest*, Providence had led her to the happy meeting with her brother; and as she spoke, tears of sympathy filled every eye.

When supper was served up, the good lady made Conrad sit on her right hand, and Louisa on her left. But very little was eat; they all seemed more inclined to talk merrily, than eat. When the things had been removed, the lady addressed the good brother and sister, and said to them:

"I have for a very long time intended to bequeath this house, which my husband left me, to Louisa, provided she continued to be pious and wise, as she always has been, and faithful to the religious principles which I have instilled into her. I trust she will never so far forget her duty, as to associate with those worldly girls, whose thoughts seem entirely bent on dress and folly, and who, too often, alas! hide under a fair exterior, a depraved and corrupted heart. Always bear in mind the excellent lesson once given by St. Peter the Hermit, to a young lady about twenty-three years of age. She had heard tell of a wonderful cure performed by this great servant of God, and she went to seek him to beg of him the help of his prayers for the recovery of her sight—for she had, for a long time, lost the use of one of her eyes. In order to obtain more readily the favour she asked, she thought to win the favour of the Saint by appearing before him in rich garments—her wrists encircled by golden bracelets, and her head adorned with massive ear-rings, rare feathers, and precious stones. She reached the cell of the venerable Peter, and detailed to him the object of her visit. The holy solitary having noticed the great pains she must have taken in preparing herself to appear in his desert, and thinking that her vanity was a more dangerous disease than that of which she complained, determined, with God's help, to make an effort to cure her of it, and said to her:

"'Tell me, my daughter, if some very skilful painter, well versed in his art, were to sketch a beautiful portrait, perfectly correct in every feature, and some one who had never handled a brush should wish to improve the piece, by introducing a fresh line here, and a fresh shade there, by making additions and alterations, do you not think the artist would feel affronted?'

"'Certainly,' replied she, 'he would have every right to complain.'

"'Therefore, my daughter,' continued the Saint,

'doubt not that the Creator of all things, that admirable artist who created us and every one else, will be justly offended at your appearing to accuse his admirable wisdom of ignorance, by your attempts to reform his handiwork, and make it more perfect. No, no; do not change this portrait, which is made after God's own image and likeness. Seek not to give yourself that which it hath not pleased his perfect wisdom to grant you; do not strive to acquire a false and artificial beauty.'

"The girl cast herself down at the feet of the Saint, humbly thanking him for this salutary lesson, and begging of him to cure her blindness. He did so, and she returned home glorifying God; and ever after renounced her vanities, and led a modest and retired life.

"So I say to Louisa, and so I would say to every young person of her age, modesty and virtue are the most becoming ornaments for maidens."

Louisa, who had silently and attentively listened to the words of her benefactress, threw herself into her arms, making fresh protestations, that she never would renounce the path she had chosen, and that she would always remain subject to the will of her who had become her mother.

"Then," said the lady, "my dispositions towards you will ever remain unchanged; and now it only remains to come to some arrangement about your brother. Tell me, Conrad, are you bound by any engagement to settle in any other town?"

"No, Madam, I am not."

"Would it meet your wishes to settle here, in order that you might always be near your sister?"

"I should like it above all things."

"Very well; I think we shall easily be able to make arrangements for you. At present there is no one of your trade living in the parish; the last brazier died about six months ago. His house is to be sold; and I think we shall be able to purchase it at a very cheap rate, as no one has ever offered to buy it as yet. To-morrow I will speak to the heir; and will endeavour to come to some understanding about it, in order that you may take possession of it as speedily as possible."

And she kept her word. Next day Conrad accompanied her to look at the house: and found that it suited him exactly. The two parties soon came to an agreement about the matter; and three or four days saw the young brazier fully installed in his new workshop, hammering away, as busy as a nailer, and as merry as a lark.

All this was the cause of many heart-burnings and much grumbling among the good lady's poor relatives. "What," said these greedy folk, "are you buying a fine house all ready furnished for a young fellow you know nothing about. Was it not enough for you to adopt Louisa for your daughter? Why become so mighty generous towards a stranger who can give you no pledge of his honesty or piety? You will see that he will abuse your kindness, and make you no other return for it all but the basest ingratitude. What a folly to be so ready to open your purse strings!"

But the lady, who was blessed with a noble and generous heart, answered them like the householder in the Gospel:

"Am I not at liberty to give what I will and to whom I will? Is your eye evil because I am good? What is done is done. Conrad shall remain in possession of his house. The murmurs of jealous and greedy relations do not at all disturb or annoy me. Am not I mistress of my possessions, to do with them as I think proper?"

This spirited answer silenced at once and for ever their unreasonable complaints; and Conrad took no notice of the shameful manner in which they treated him as he passed along the streets. By his good conduct, as a christian and a citizen, he soon showed how wrongfully they had judged him, and very shortly earned for himself the esteem and confidence of the greater part of his fellow-citizens. Before the end of the first year, he married the daughter of one of the most respectable tradesmen in the city. By his strict economy and untiring attention to his business, he laid up a comfortable fortune, and soon took his stand among the leading men of the parish. Full of gratitude towards his noble benefactress, he did her every act of kindness that lay in his power, and always acknowledged that he was indebted to her for all his happiness. Very soon after Louisa married too, and continued to be, as she ever had been, the comfort and consolation of her good mistress.

CHAPTER VI.

CONRAD'S GRATITUDE.

In the days of his prosperity, Conrad remembered the privations which often fall to the lot of young workmen, who travel in order to perfect themselves in their trade. So he always kept in his shop a purse well-stocked with silver, and it was there the wandering artisan sought relief, nor sought in vain; for Conrad had an open hand and a good heart. He often invited applicants for relief to dine at his own table, or provided a bed for them in the neighbouring hotel. His charity soon became known throughout the country-side; and folk began to call the good brazier's house, "the providence of poor travellers." But his goodness did not end there: every three months he wrote letters to his old master to let him know how he was getting on with his business. But he did still more. The old brazier's wife was dead, and he found difficulty in maintaining himself; so Conrad told him he would take care of him and provide for him, and he kept his word. For he furnished an elegant room for the old man's use in his own house; and a few days afterwards set off in a carriage to bring him to take possession of it.

Words cannot tell the good old brazier's joy, when he saw his former apprentice once more. "Why," said he, "what a man you are! And what a gentleman you have grown!" for he saw in a moment, from Conrad's gentle manners and elevated bearing, that he had received a better education

than people of his trade usually do. Surprised at so many signs of gratitude, the old man tenderly embraced him, and a torrent of joyful tears burst from his eyes.

Conrad sold everything which he could not carry away with him; though he would willingly have carried off every stone in the old house; he knew them all well; they were old friends of his; and he tarried a week amid these dear scenes, where he had spent so many useful and happy hours. At last he tore himself from the old town, and set off with his master, whom he loved and revered as a father. Every voice which had formerly been raised against Conrad, was now silenced. Ever after, the good brazier lived in the house of his old apprentice, where he met with every care and attention; for Conrad was delighted to meet with this opportunity of repaying for the favours which the old man had heaped upon him during his infancy.

Louisa too, in the days of her prosperity, showed the like tenderness towards the good widow who had adopted her. These many attentions and kindnesses quite affected the old folk; for they often said to one another, "God never blessed us with children of our own; but these we have adopted are as great a treasure to us as any one's children can be."

By some means or another, Conrad often found himself, of a summer's evening, in the little chapel where he met Louisa. And many a time with his little family about him, he would wander into the silent forest, there to awaken fresh recollections of the happy moment, when it pleased God to shower down upon him such signal manifestations of his goodness. And then, when he had told his beads before our Blessed Lady's altar, he would leave the chapel, sit him down on the fresh grass, and tell his little children how good God had been to him: that although he was now rich and wealthy, time had been, when he was very poor and very needy; but that God had raised him from his poverty. And in these recitals, he made it his object evermore, to enkindle in their tender hearts the same flame of love for God that always blazed in his own.

One evening, as he was returning from his little pilgrimage to the Chapel of the Forest, he met his sister Louisa; she was going there too with her little children. Conrad turned about and accompanied them, and as they walked along, he took an opportunity of saying to her: "As it was here that my fortunes first began to brighten, I have for a long time thought it would be a very fitting thing to testify my gratitude to God in a particular manner, by doing something for this chapel. You see the building is very old and sadly out of repair; the altar and the different ornaments of the church are likewise in a very sad condition. Now I have an idea of restoring it all to what it should be."

"O yes, brother," answered Louisa joyfully. "I will support half of the expense. As soon as ever I get home, I will mention it to my husband, and I feel confident he will make no objection. Arrange everything as you think best, and then let me know what conclusion you have come to."

CHAPTER VII.

THE CHAPEL OF THE FOREST.

The day following, Conrad sent for a clever mason, and after obtaining the consent of the parish priest, set him to work to repair the walls. He then painted them afresh, got all the windows cleaned, set up a new altar of rich marble, and gilt over again all the ornaments of the screen. The old picture that hung behind the altar, was almost effaced by damp and time; so he put in its place a beautiful painting from the pencil of a distinguished artist. It represented the Holy Family: our Blessed Lady was seated at the door of her cottage, which was shaded by vines. She held in her arms the Divine Infant, to whom St. Joseph was presenting a small basket full of grapes, and ornamented with a garland of flowers. His parents were casting looks of the tenderest love on the future Saviour of the World; while he, on his part, was stretching out his little hands to thank St. Joseph for the present he was making him. On the ground lay scattered a carpenter's rule, and measure, and other tools. Beneath was written,

"Virtue alone can produce peace and happiness."

On the opposite wall, he placed a second picture, representing a young man weary and worn—holding in his hand a book and examining it carefully, while a young maiden stands by, quite astonished at the sight of the unknown youth. Below are written the day of the month and the year, when the happy brother found his sister, with these words:

"A grateful offering to the Queen of Heaven,
The comfortress of the afflicted."

And round about the restored church he planted leafy trees, and raised stone seats, where weary travellers and holy pilgrims might sit and rest themselves and enjoy the cool shade.

When all was completed, the parish priest went in solemn procession to the church, and there, upon the Blessed Virgin's altar, he offered up the sacrifice of the mass, in presence of a countless crowd of faithful, who had assembled from all parts to be present at the holy rite. Every one there was loud in praise of Conrad's good taste, and his munificent liberality. The priest took advantage of their joy, to exhort them to place all their confidence in God in time of tribulation; and never give way to despair, even when everything seems lost. He made a happy allusion to the means God had employed to bring together two orphans, who, according to all earthly appearances, were doomed never to meet again. Every eye filled with tears, as he related this happy meeting; and told the many blessings that accrued from it. He ended his address, by a beautiful paraphrase of the 124th Psalm of David:

"They who trust in the Lord are as strong as Mount Zion, which shall never be moved. As Jeru-

salem is girt about with hills which render the approach to it most difficult: so the Lord God is round about his people, to defend them now and for ever: for the Lord will never leave the race of the just beneath the yoke, and oppressed by the impious and by sinners; lest his holy servants should lose patience, and stretch forth their hands to iniquity, and imitate the ways of sinners. O Lord, do good to those who are good, and whose heart is just: but the Lord will drive away those who turn aside into unrighteous paths, and those who commit iniquity; and Israel shall be in peace."

CHAPTER VIII.

CONCLUSION.

Still Conrad's good heart was not satisfied with the restoration of the church; he ever after took an active part, in every work of charity that was done in the town, and he took especial care to show himself the father of the poor and orphans. For a long time the good people of Belle Fontaine had entertained thoughts of building a house of refuge for abandoned orphans. But they were without means for the accomplishment of their wishes. The honest brazier was the first to subscribe a good round sum, and engaged to supply all the kitchen utensils from his own warehouse, so as to occasion less expense to the charitable asylum. And so many others followed his example, by furnishing other things necessary in a household. And when at last the funds were sufficient for the erection of the house, Conrad was appointed administrator of it, and devoted himself, as far as his occupations would allow, to the instruction of the children placed there. It was his happiness to find himself in the midst of them, to address to them some edifying conversation, to sound their opening inclinations, and to pour into their sorrows the soothing balm of consolation. As he knew by experience the bitter lot of those, who, at a tender age, are so unfortunate as to be deprived of their parents; he knew, better than any one else, how to sweeten the sorrows of the young, and inspire them with sentiments of submission and resignation. And thus he repaid with interest the good that had been done to him in his childhood. His presence spread joy among the poor children; his unchanging sweetness of temper won over to him the affection of every heart; and even when he was under the necessity of displaying severity to those who had transgressed the order of the house, he let them feel, that if he treated them severely, it was for their own good; and that it was to spare their tears and griefs in after life, that he then curbed their irregularities. As for the rest, Conrad found in religion fresh stimulants to excite the zeal he already felt to do good to his fellow-man; and, whilst the whole town loaded him with praises and blessed his name, he alone seemed ignorant of his own merit; because he worked for God, and self-love had no part in his good works.

What an admirable being is the man, who thus devotes himself to the comfort of humanity! How near he approaches to that Divine Model of all virtue, of whom the holy scripture says, "He went about doing good!" Oh! how happy would christians be, if they knew all the joy the warm heart feels, which is born to dry up the tears of the unfortunate, to be the friend and consoler of those in distress, and thus to drive away sorrow and sadness from the face of the earth!

ANASTATIC PRINTING.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Institution, Professor Faraday gave an interesting account of the new process. Anastatic printing is the ἀνάστασις (the fresh raising up) of copies from a printed sheet of paper. This, by the process described, may be done to an indefinite extent. The philosophy of this process, and its practice, were explained and exhibited. The philosophy of the anastatic printing rests on a few known properties of the articles employed. Thus, *water attracts water, and oil, oil; though each mutually repels the other. Metals are much more easily wetted with oil than with water, but they will readily be moistened by a weak solution of gum:* and, finally, *this property of their becoming wet by water is greatly increased by phosphatic acid.* To these properties of oil, water, and the metals, may be added, as one of the principles of the anastatic printing, *the readiness with which part of the ink of any newly printed book or engraving can be transferred, by pressure, to any smooth surface beneath.* If, for example, a corner of a newspaper be fixed on a white sheet of paper, and then pressed or rubbed with a paper-knife, the letters will be distinctly seen in reverse on the paper. This effect is known to bookbinders; and our readers may have seen, especially in the case of books bound soon after publication, pages disfigured by the "*setting off*," or transfer of the ink of the opposite page Such being the properties of the matters concerned in anastatic printing, the process is simple. The printed paper, whether letter-press or engraving, is first moistened with dilute nitric acid, and then pressed, with considerable force, by a roller, on a perfectly clean surface of zinc. By this means, every part of the sheet of paper is brought into contact with the plate of zinc. The acid with which the unprinted part of the paper is saturated, *etches* the metal; and the printed portion *sets off* on it in the manner already described, so that the zinc surface presents a complete reverse copy of the work. The principles before specified are now brought into operation. The zinc plate, thus prepared, is washed with a solution of gum in weak phosphatic acid. This liquid is attracted by the etched surface, which it freely wets, while it is repelled by the oil of the ink, in which the writing or drawing on the plate is traced. A leathern roller, covered with ink, is then passed over the plate, when a converse effect ensues. The repulsion between the oily ink and the watery surface over which the roller passes, prevents any soiling of the *unfigured parts* of the zinc plate; while the attraction between oil and oil causes the ink to be distributed over the *printed portions.* In this condition the anastatic plate is complete, and impressions are pulled from it in the common lithographic process. Mr. Faraday concluded his description by stating, that when it was required to apply the anastatic printing to very old originals, which do not *set off* their ink on pressure, the following expedient was resorted to. The page, or print, is soaked in a solution, first of potass, and then of tartaric acid. This produces a perfect diffusion of minute crystals of bi-tartrate of potass through the texture of the unprinted part of the paper. As this salt resists oil, the ink-roller may now be passed over the surface without transferring any of its contents, except to the printed parts. The tartrate is then washed out of the paper, and the operation proceeded with as before, commencing with the moistening by nitric acid. During the description of the process, a complete anastatic copy of a page of a printed work, with woodcuts, was made by Mr. Woods, who had brought his press and workmen.—*Athenæum.*

THE LIFE OF GERARD MAJELLA.

In the process of the beatification of St. Alphonsus de Liguori, founder of the Order of Redemptorists, many witnesses testified upon oath the heroic virtues and miracles of a lay brother of the congregation called Gerard Majella, whose life we now propose to relate for the edification of the faithful.

This eminent servant of God was born in the episcopal town of Muro, situate among the Appenines, on the 6th of April, 1726. His parents, Dominic and Beneditta Majella, were poor labouring people, who gained their living by the sweat of their brow; but they were rich in faith and good works, striving to bring up their children in the knowledge and fear of the Lord. With Gerard they found little difficulty; predisposed by divine grace, he readily gave himself up to the practice of every virtue. Filled with the spirit of God, the amusements of infancy had no charms for him, he found occupation and pleasure only in the practices of piety. While yet a very young child, he has often been seen kneeling before a crucifix or image of the Blessed Virgin, striking his breast, and absorbed in the most profound recollection.

Sent to school, he in a very short time learnt to read, write, and express himself with ease and facility, being distinguished for silence and attention. In the Church where he opened his heart to the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, his countenance had more the expression of mature age, than of infancy. He assisted at the holy sacrifice of the mass with such fervour, that at the moment of the elevation he bowed himself to the earth, and remained so long in that posture, that it seemed as if it were his natural one. From his tenth year, the love of suffering with his crucified Lord, had so penetrated his heart, that he gave himself the discipline several times a day, particularly after receiving communion. When his friends discovered this they would have prevented it, but the true gifts, the true graces of God, have something in them so imposing even in the child, that they soon venerated in silence without daring to complain. His ardent love for the holy sacrament made him be admitted at a tender age to the holy communion, and this divine food of the soul produced such a sensible progress in union with Jesus Christ, that soon he was without difficulty admitted to the holy table several times a week.

After the death of his father, Gerard being old enough to gain his own livelihood, was placed with a master where he applied himself diligently to labour, but at the same time failed not to correspond to grace. Sometimes he was seen almost ravished out of himself, and often would he return for a few moments to pour out his heart to God in prayer. His master, with whom he was a great favourite, never objected to this, because he compensated by his diligence for the short time given to God. But it was otherwise with the foreman, who looked upon Gerard with an evil eye, and one day dragged him from the corner where he prayed, accused him of neglecting his work, and gave him a violent blow. Far from losing patience, Gerard replied by a sweet smile. The other fancying himself laughed at became furious, and seizing a bar of iron, struck him unmercifully; but the boy, instead of resenting such brutal treatment, flung himself at his feet, saying, "I forgive you for the love of Jesus Christ," and then calmly resumed his work.

The charity of Majella shone conspicuously on this occasion, but it was still farther exemplified by his giving his gains to the poor, as soon as he had learned his trade and began to work on his own account. Their very presence touched him sensibly, and he gathered up his wages to distribute among them on feast days. He fasted often in order to save more for the poor.

But his charity was not confined to the living, he thought also of the dead, and often had masses said for the souls in purgatory. One week when he had gained eight pieces of money, he contented himself with dry bread, and spent the overplus in this manner, saying, "These souls are poor also, and call loudly on our charity."

"It was about this time, that being on a visit to his uncle, Dr. Bonaventura de Muro, he was presented with a surtout, his uncle disliking to see him so poorly clad, but the first time he went out, meeting a beggar covered with rags, he gave him his new dress, to the great indignation of the Doctor, but Gerard excused himself, saying, "I gave it to him because he had more need of it than I had."

He was particularly attached to a sanctuary dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, which stood at some distance from Muro; he would often go there, and sometimes he remained days together, contenting himself with a morsel of bread each day. He looked upon this church as his paradise on earth, and often passed great part of the night there in fervent prayer. There also he often took the discipline, giving his body no rest, but his soul enjoyed sweet intercourse with God, and with her whom the God of love has given us to be our Mother.

In common with all souls who are faithful to the attraction of grace, Gerard declared a continual war with his senses, particularly in regard to what is called "the *pleasures* of the table," so that some who knew him then declared his life to be a continual miracle. He fasted almost daily, and when pressed to eat, he gently replied that he was not hungry. When forced to accept some food, he received it as a present, but kept it for the first poor person he met. His mother once told with tears in her eyes, that having passed three days without food, she searched his pockets, to discover if he had any thing there; she found some roots, and asked him what he did with such stuff, he answered, "I have only to taste them and they put away my hunger."

The passion and death of Jesus Christ, made the deepest impression on the heart of Gerard. The nature of love is active, it tends unceasingly to union and conformity with the beloved object; and this fervent servant of God, contemplating his Saviour's sufferings, could not be satisfied without imitating his Good Master. Pressed by an interior force to have a share in the opprobrium of his Lord, he feigned to be foolish, like that father of the sick-poor, St. John of God: but this cost him dear, for the children followed him in the street, and not content with ridiculing him, they threw mud in his face and pelted him with stones. Some went so far as to bind him with ropes, and pull him about for a spectacle to the mob. He suffered all, not as a fool, but as one truly wise, saying, "All this is little for the love of Jesus Christ, who became as a fool for love of me." His confessor, however, soon forbade this species of mortification.

His devotion for Jesus Christ, hidden in the blessed sacrament, was equally tender. His love for the infant Jesus, made him at first frequent the church of which we have already spoken, but as the blessed sacrament was not kept there, he afterwards went to the cathedral, the sacristan of which being his relation, willingly let him have the keys, so that whenever he was not prevented by the necessity of working for his bread, he spent whole nights there, giving himself the discipline before the blessed sacrament, in expiation of the outrages Jesus Christ secured from men. When the necessity of working prevented this, he came to church very early in the morning, heard several masses, and received communion, leaving the sanctuary with evident regret.

His love for the Blessed Virgin was truly remarkable, and worthy of such a mother, such an august queen. When he knelt before an image of her, or an altar dedicated to her, he could hardly take himself away. "The Madonna has ravished my heart," he would say, "it is all her own." At the celebration of one of her feasts, after kneeling long before a statue of her, he arose with a countenance radiant with divine love, and placing a ring on the finger of the statue, made the vow of perpetual chastity. Faithful to his promise, he preserved an unsullied purity until death, as he preserved the robe of his baptismal innocence from all stain of mortal sin.

The desire of assimilating himself to Jesus Christ, increasing more and more in the heart of Gerard, he took every opportunity of imitating his Divine Master. The thought that the Son of God had made himself a slave for love of us, inflamed his heart with love, and made him resolve to be the slave of all, and seek for every kind of humiliation. With this view he entered into the service of a master notorious for his disagreeable character, and who rarely kept a servant more than a month. When the matter was all arranged, Gerard rejoiced as a bridegroom on the approach of his nuptials. Complaints, scolds, reproaches, and humiliations, excessive labour, and threatenings of dismissal, all had to be endured, and he suffered with joy in the thought that thus his Redeemer had suffered for love of him.

Such treatment excited general compassion, and every body wondered that he remained in the place. Don Cesar Peloso, who happened to be there at the time, afterward remarked, "I could not but admire his extraordinary patience. The humility and silence which he maintained under the most harsh and unjust corrections, he usually received them with down-cast eyes, and the most serene expression of countenance, denoting a heroic patience which made me regard him as a saint." What astonished most, was the fact that he was often overwhelmed with pains and infirmities, although he never uttered a complaint, but was always gay, contented, and ready to obey the least signal.

Notwithstanding these new trials, he continued all his former mortifications, subjecting his body to the severest discipline

that his soul might gain her original mastery. Affable towards all, he was more particularly so to the poor, for whom he always felt a particular tenderness. Living on bread and vegetables himself, every thing else which fell to his share was reserved for his favourite poor.

When he appeared in the street, every one was struck with his modest and simple air, the natural result of interior union with God; but it was in the church that he particularly edified the faithful. The canons of the cathedral attested that they have seen him for hours together immoveable before the blessed sacrament. When his occupations did not call him elsewhere, he was sure to be found in the church paying his devotions to the King of souls in the august sacrament of love. His example made a deep impression on many who were induced by it to come, like him, to visit the blessed sacrament every day.

Celestial favours accompanied the holy familiarity with which Gerard approached God. He obtained all he asked, for God loves simple and pure souls, and takes pleasure in granting their least desires. One day he let a key fall into a cistern of water, and foreseeing the annoyance and irritation which this would cause his master, and the faults he would consequently commit, animated with a lively confidence, he took a little statue of the infant Jesus, and let it down into the cistern, saying, "It is for thee to think of this, that my master may not be tempted to anger," and in the sight of several witnesses he drew up the statue, and the key was found in its hand.

For three years Gerard remained in this miserable service, not dragging his cross, but joyfully carrying it; and if the death of his master had not released him, he would never have quitted him, so eager was he to endure suffering.

After his master's death he returned to Muro, but the world was a burden to him, and he sought peace among the children of St. Francis. Not being able to obtain what he wished among the Capuchins, he resolved to lead a penitent life in some solitary place. He did not intend, as some hermits, to attach himself to a church and beg in the neighbourhood, but to retire into the woods near some mountain where he would be entirely separated from men, like the ancient solitaries of Egypt. He communicated his design to one fervent young man who proposed to follow him.

This reminds us that St. Theresa, while yet an infant, would have done the same thing with her little brother. God permits these holy illusions in chosen souls to reveal the operations of His grace, which they have not yet well understood, until they learn to know the voice which speaks to them.

The plan which Majella and his companion proposed to follow, shows how ready they were to give themselves unreservedly to God. Their time was to be divided between prayer, labour, and penitence, but it was the penitence of the ancient solitaries, whom they would imitate to the very letter; those fathers of the desert, many of whom lived but on herbs and roots. These young imitators, however, were soon forced to abandon their plan, nature could not sustain it.

Gerard was about 22 years old when God showed him his vocation was not for a hermitical life, but for a lay-brother in the congregation of the most Holy Redeemer. One of the fathers, Don Francis Gurzelli happening to be at Muro in August 1745, Gerard, who knew nothing of the institute previously, seeing him and a lay-brother who accompanied him, felt irresistibly called to join them. After making every inquiry of the brother regarding their manner of life, he opened his heart to him on the subject of his desire to be admitted. When told that his health would never stand the rigorous observances required by their rule, he eagerly replied that these rigours were precisely what he sought, and from that moment his desire to enter the Order increased.

The following year several fathers came to Muro, and Gerard never quitted the house where they stopped. He spoke to the superior father, Cufaro, but he seeing his pale and exhausted appearance, judged him unfit for being a lay-brother, and refused to receive him. But Gerard feeling that God called him, renewed his entreaties, in the firm conviction that they would be acceded to before long.

When the fathers left Muro, he was again refused. "Well," said he, "if they will not admit me, I will be content to beg my bread at their convent gate." His mother and sisters watched him incessantly lest he should follow them, but he escaped by the window, leaving a letter to say he was gone to endeavour to make himself a saint, and they must think no more of him.

When father Cufaro saw that he followed them, he and the others reproved him, assuring him that the Order was not fit for him. "Try me," said Gerard, "and if you find me unfit, then send me away."

His firmness touched father Cufaro, who sent him to their house at Illicito, rather to get quit of him, however, than in the hope that he would be admitted.

When Gerard saw his wishes accomplished, he proceeded with all haste to Illicito, where he learned to his indescribable satisfaction that it was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, under the title of "Our Lady of Consolation." Scarcely had he arrived, when he proceeded to the Church, and prostrating himself before her image, vowed that he would live under her mantle, and die in the house dedicated to her.

When father Cufaro returned, he found Gerard no useless member of the household, every one, without exception, spoke in his praise. His ability, his love of labour, were proved by a thousand examples, and his readiness to obey the slightest sign. He placed himself under the spiritual direction of Father Cufaro, who soon perceived that God was leading him by paths altogether supernatural. One day when the conversation turned on ascetic and theological questions, Gerard expressed himself so justly, that every one was astonished. Father Cufaro was accustomed to put questions to the lay-brothers, more or less difficult, and when no other could answer, Gerard replied like a theologian; God being pleased to grant him great light, because of his profound humility. If the life he led in the world was admirable, his religious life was much more so. He united in himself the labour of Martha with the repose of Mary. The brothers affirmed he did the work of four, and often after finishing his own work he would begin theirs, laughingly sending them away, saying, "Leave it to me, am I not the youngest?" The meanest occupations were his favourite ones. He not only undertook them when commanded, but sought eagerly for them. All kind of work was welcome, but the meanest the most of all. Labour was to him as a beloved spouse, from which he never would be separated.

But his love of labour was no obstacle to his spirit of prayer, for if he wrought during the day, he sought the Church at night, to weep tears of love and adoration before the blessed sacrament. As his heart was not satiated by the exercises prescribed in the rule, he was permitted to prolong his devotions during the night, so that morning often found him on the spot he had occupied the evening before. Every thing was prayer for him. Whatever he was doing he continually felt himself to be in the presence of God. His ejaculatory prayers were frequent and fervent, Jesus and Mary, were the words always in his heart and on his lips. Sometimes he was so absorbed in God, that he has been seen suddenly to stop in the midst of his work.

As he was not a novice in divine love, it was seen how he was filled with it, by the ecstasies into which he often fell. One day some stranger priests found Gerard on the staircase, in an ecstasy before the image of the Immaculate Virgin.

He was so touched by the passion of our Lord, that he has fallen, almost fainting, before a picture of it which he was contemplating. On one occasion, while preparing the refectory for dinner, another brother entering, found him in an ecstasy before an Ecce Homo, his arms extended in the form of a cross. Not understanding what he saw, the brother ran for Father Cufaro, who ordered him by obedience to come out of that state, which Gerard immediately did, proceeding with his occupation. On another occasion, being at Melfi with Father Stephen Liguori, he began to sing, accompanying himself on the piano, the well-known air of Metastatio, "If thou wouldst find God," when transported by divine love, he seized Father Stephen, and holding him in a tight embrace, moved about the room with him in his ecstasy, to the amazement of all who were present. About the same time, he went one day to visit a priest in the neighbourhood, who purposely turned the conversation on divine love, when Gerard immediately fell into an ecstasy, but as soon as he recovered he withdrew, full of confusion at having been discovered.

His bodily austerities augmented daily, disciplines, hair-shirts, every contrivance he resorted to that his body might be kept in subjection by an imitation of the sufferings of Christ. He mortified his taste by seasoning the food obedience compelled him to take, with bitter powders. He was so particular in mortifying his palate, "Because," said he, "the love of God cannot enter into the soul if the body be too well nourished." Often at table he was seen so absorbed in contemplation, that the morsel he was about to eat remained in his hand.

Every Friday, especially during the month of March, were days of suffering for Gerard; he racked his invention for modes of imitating his Divine and suffering Master. He fasted on bread and water, eating on his knees or seated on the ground, and his whole appearance was so attenuated, he seemed more dead than alive. "Jesus Christ has died for me," he would

say, "and I do not die for Him who has given His life to save me."

The ardent desire he had of participating in the sufferings of Jesus Christ, did not go unrewarded. The Lord was pleased to favour this holy brother with the same grace He has granted to a small number of His servants, as St. Francis of Assissium, and St. Catharine of Sienna, who experienced in their bodies the sufferings of Christ in His passion. Gerard besought this grace, and he obtained it. Although he appeared in his usual health on the preceding days, on the eve of Good Friday he became languid, and as if oppressed with sorrow, or rather he had the appearance of a person about to die. On some occasions he spat blood in great abundance. He confessed to his directors that his interior anguish was greater than he could express. Notwithstanding when Saturday evening approached he was well enough to resume his usual labours.

But if the days consecrated to the passion of our Lord were for Gerard days of anguish, the days on which the Church sings her canticles of joy, were for him days of delight. He communicated his happiness to others, and always requested from the superiors a double recreation for the community. Christmas was a day of inexpressible joy for him. The arrangements for the representation of the evil were confided to him, and his fine natural taste was shown in the manner in which they were executed. He prepared himself for this feast by a fervent novena, the last night of which was spent in prayer in the Church, on taking the discipline in his chamber.

But his transports were at their height on the feast of Corpus Christi. The whole octave was a jubilee for him. When the divine sacrament was exposed for the adoration of the faithful, he seemed quite out of himself, and sometimes in the excess of his emotion fainted before the whole assembly. It was a beautiful spectacle to see the combats in which he engaged, when his love for Jesus Christ, and his respect for the commands of his superior drew him in contrary directions. Once the Father Tannoja, unperceived by Gerard, saw him kneel before the blessed sacrament, and then attempt to rise, but love held him so firmly there, and at length he cried out, "Let me go, for I have other work to perform elsewhere." Then he appeared to tear himself away with difficulty from the presence of his beloved Lord.

What has he not done and said to excite men to visit the blessed sacrament? He grieved to see the churches deserted, and places of amusement crowded with people. Many parts of the country owed to him an increased devotion towards the sacrament of love; he animated to frequent communion, not individuals only, but entire populations. Through the medium of Father Margotta, he obtained from the Pope a plenary indulgence for all who communicated weekly.

He employed no less zeal in endeavouring to make the Blessed Virgin be loved and honoured. At the approach of her feast he took every means to adorn her altars, and to procure processions in her honour. His devotion to her immaculate conception was peculiarly striking. He wished that all should fast in her honour every Saturday, and the eve of all her feasts; as for him, he fasted on bread and water, and took severe disciplines. He celebrated all her novenas by a special abstinence, and other good works. Whenever he could, he passed the night before her feasts in the Church, in the presence of the blessed sacrament, and at the feet of an image of the Virgin. Several Fathers have attested that she one night appeared to him in the Church, and enriched him with many graces.

Returning one day from Illiceto with two peasants they passed by a Church dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, and immediately the conversation turned on the mysteries of her life. Suddenly he took a pencil from his pocket, wrote some words on a bit of paper, and flung it in the air. This action was followed by an extraordinary ecstasy. The peasants saw him elevated in the air, and carried about half a mile towards the house. Finding a poor beggar at the door, whose leg was nearly eaten away by an ulcer, he embraced him, and applied his lips to the wound to suck out the venom. Next day the poor man found his leg perfectly cured.

"It is a principal point of duty, to assist another most when he stands most in need of assistance." There are none who deserve superiority over others in the esteem of mankind, who do not make it their endeavour to be beneficial to society, and who, upon all occasions which their circumstances of life can administer, do not take a certain unfeigned pleasure in conferring benefits of one kind or other. Those whose great talents and high birth have placed them in conspicuous stations of life, are indispensably obliged to exert some noble inclinations for the service of the world, or else such advantages become misfortunes, and shade and privacy are a more eligible portion. Where opportunities and inclinations are given to the same person, we sometimes see sublime instances of virtue, which so dazzle our imagination, that we look with scorn on all which in lower scenes of life we may ourselves be able to practise. But this is a vicious way of thinking, and it bears some spice of romantic madness for a man to imagine that he must grow ambitious, or seek adventures, to be able to do great actions. It is in every man's power in the world who is above mere poverty, not only to do things worthy, but heroic. The great foundation of civil virtue is self-denial; and there is no one above the necessities of life, but has opportunities of exercising that noble quality, and doing as much as his circumstances will bear for the ease and convenience of other men; and he who does more than ordinary men practise upon such occasions as occur in his life, deserves the value of his friends, as if he had done enterprises which are usually attended with the highest glory. Men of public spirit differ rather in their circumstances than their virtue; and the man who does all he can, in a low station, is more a hero than he who omits any worthy action he is able to accomplish in a high one.—*Spectator.*

THE HOLLY TREE.

O READER! hast thou ever stood to see
The holly tree?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves,
Ordered by an intelligence so wise
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle, through their prickly round,
Can reach to wound;
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarmed the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralize:
And in this wisdom of the holly tree
Can emblems see
Wherewith, perchance, to make a pleasant rhyme,
One which may profit in the after-time.

Thus, though abroad, perchance, I might appear
Harsh and austere;
To those who on my leisure would intrude,
Reserved and rude;
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities, I, day by day,
Would wear away;
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

And, as, when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green,
The holly leaves their fadeless hues display
Less bright than they;
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the holly tree?—

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng;
So would I seem, amid the young and gay,
More grave than they;
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the holly tree.—SOUTHEY.

ST. MARY'S PRIORY.

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

CHAPTER IX.

"The eye in smiles may wander round,
Caught by earth's shadows as they fleet;
But for the soul no help is found,
Save Him who made it, meet."—
The Christian Year.

* * * * *

"If long and sad thy lonely hours,
And winds have rent thy sheltering bowers,
Bethink thee what thou art, and where,
A sinner in a life of care.

Snatch'd sudden from th' avenging rod,
Safe in the bosom of thy God,
How wilt thou then look back, and smile
On thoughts that bitterest seem'd erewhile,
And bless the pangs that made thee see
This was no world of rest for thee!"
The Christian Year.

Mrs. Raymond had left home with the intention of staying only three days at Hungerford, but on the fourth morning after her departure, when Ethel was beginning to look out for the carriage, a letter from Mrs. Raymond was brought to her, which we will lay before the reader:—

"My Dear Ethel,

"We shall not return till next week.—I make no apologies for leaving you so long alone, because, in the first place, it was your own choice to stay at home, and in the second, I know that at the present moment you will be glad to be by yourself for a little while. The Misses Mowbray, whom you saw in ——shire, are related to lady Hungerford, and are coming down here this week.—You seem to have taken their fancy almost as much as they did yours, for they have mentioned you to lady Hungerford, and begged her to find out whether you were still in this neighbourhood. When it came out that you were actually at Wilbury, lady Hungerford tried hard to make me drive over with her, and bring you back here, in time to give her young friends an agreeable surprise.—But I could not hear of it, feeling that it would be putting you in a very uncomfortable position, as you would have found it almost impossible to refuse such an invitation, and yet, having made up your mind to a certain course of action, you ought certainly to keep to it. The chief difficulty that beset *my* path seems vanishing in an extraordinary way.—Stephen was very much struck with the sermon, as well as with the devout manner of the congregation, on the festival. After that, he got into conversation with two clever men visiting here, both converts. The elder of them has lived the greater part of his life on the continent—the other was a clergyman of our church a few years ago.—Their conversation has made a great change in my husband's views I can see, but he says nothing on the subject to me, and I judge it best not to put in a word. Mr. Trevelyan is here, and, to my great surprise, I find that he is very nearly a Roman Catholic. Lady Hungerford thinks he will join them before long.—He seems to take it very easily, and to be thinking more of Martha Darrel's splendid voice than of creeds and doctrines.—He is very attentive, and her horror of popery (as well as her mother's) is very much mitigated by the discovery of Mr. Trevelyan's bias Rome-wards.—What do you think of her practising in order to sing at Mass next Sunday!—The Hungerfords have known Mr. Trevelyan many years, and lady Hungerford told me his history, which is a most curious one. As you are deprived of conversation, it is but just that I should send you a long letter: I came up early and hurried my toilette on purpose to get time to write to you, and as a good many of our party, who went out on horseback, have not yet made their appearance, I may reckon on the dinner hour being delayed, and indulge you *and myself* with a long story: it will not only amuse you, it will also give you another proof of the mistakes one makes about people in judging them by first impressions.—'That very tiresome Mr. Trevelyan,' as you called him the other day, is quite an original, and his history is a very romantic one. His father married, soon after his first wife's death, one of his maid-servants, and gave himself up to fox-hunting and drinking. He sunk in society, and no one but his old sporting friends would visit him. His low-born wife got unbounded influence over him, and after some years he died, leaving her sole guardian to the two children of his first marriage, and the management of the estate till his eldest son came of age. The widow married her gamekeeper, and they lived at the manor house, in such sort of style as one would expect—no one visiting them except a few sporting gentlemen. The possessors of the property removed the boys from school, and kept them at home leading idle lives. The younger one (our Mr. Trevelyan), took a disgust to his mother-in-law and her husband, and ran away to Plymouth, and went on board a man-of-war as a cabin boy. It so happened that the captain was a relation of his mother's, and was struck by the boy's likeness to her. He questioned him, and got the whole story out of him, and the result was, that he made him a volunteer midshipman, and became his friend for life. Interest was made for him, and he gradually rose in the service. In the meantime some of his relations, roused up by the captain, interfered in behalf of the elder brother, and obliged the mother-in-law to send him to school and college. As soon as he came of age he took possession of his estate, and gave his brother a very liberal allowance, not considering the portion the father had assigned him a just division. But the most romantic part is yet to come.—The gentleman whose estate joined the Trevelyan property, had a little girl, who took the fancy of both brothers in their boyhood. When the midshipman paid a visit to his paternal halls, about a year after his brother had taken possession of them, he saw again his first love, now grown into a beautiful girl of sixteen, and a real passion for her sprung up. He went to sea again, and at the end of three years returned, to find his brother her suitor. He hastily left the place and came home no more, carefully avoiding mentioning the lady's name in his letters to his brother. About eight years ago, the elder brother died unmarried,

and the younger one, now a man of thirty, left the navy to become a country gentleman. To his surprise he found the lady of his love, at the age of twenty-six, still unmarried, though an heiress as well as a beauty.—He renewed his addresses, and soon found that he had been her choice from the beginning, and that for his sake she had rejected many besides his brother. They were soon engaged, and preparations made for a speedy marriage; but, alas! a tragical event proved to poor Mr. Trevelyan the uncertainty of all human bliss!—His betrothed, when riding with him, was thrown from her horse, and so seriously injured, that she died in a few days! And now Ethel, don't throw my letter down, and exclaim against poor Mr. Trevelyan. His grief at the time was so violent as to injure his health; and he wore mourning, and avoided society for three years.—I do not think he is a happy person now.—In his gay moments I have frequently seen a sudden change come over him; and any allusion to sudden death, or a melancholy song, is enough to make him leave the room hastily. But I suppose he feels, that if he were to die childless, the property would go to a worthless young man—his half-brother, whose character is dreadful—and therefore he thinks of marrying. His passion for music would make Martha Darrel an agreeable companion to him, and her lively amusing manner is very taking to a person subject to low spirits. Altogether I think it would be a suitable match, and I hope it may come to that. Martha has many good qualities, and would improve if she were married to a well-meaning man. You will be not a little scandalized at Mr. Trevelyan's being able to think of controversy and matrimony at the same time; but remember that it is possible to be even a saint, without being a monk or a nun. Certainly, I will confess, that I feel as strongly as you do, the danger and impropriety of "a *festive* conversion."—But we had better leave our neighbours to themselves, and look at home.—We are not called upon to judge others, nor even to watch over them; we shall have quite as much work as we can get through if we keep a strict guard over *our own* thoughts, words, and deeds. And now I must stop, for I have only just time enough to sign myself,

"Your very affectionate friend,
"JANE RAYMOND."

"What a strange tale!" saith Ethel to herself as she laid down the letter; "how surprising that this romantic history should belong to that unpolished, uneducated, square-built, sailor, who has so sickened us with his professional boasting. I really thought he had only one idea. I cannot fancy him reading anything besides the Naval History and the United Service Journal.—To think of his studying doctrinal points, and reasoning and reflecting about religion! How long it takes to know people, and how difficult it is to avoid rash judgments! I can hardly realise it after all." She added, "Mr. Trevelyan deep in theology! a man so ignorant that he seems not to be aware that the world has ever produced any great men besides the naval commanders of recent times. Why he would call Themistocles, Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, Alfred, and Columbus into the bargain, by the side of lord Nelson, so many farthing rushlights compared to the sun!—I am sure he is enough to disgust one with '*the British Navy.*' But poor man, he is greatly to be pitied; and yet, I don't know; he hardly deserves much compassion, if he is really going to replace his interesting first love by Miss Darrel.—What a contrast between that sweet faithful creature (an absolute Desdemona or Imogene,) and a hackneyed woman of the world, who, if I may venture to judge by appearances, is ready to catch at the first handkerchief that is thrown at her! The one is a sweet lily of the valley, content to live and die unseen, hiding its beauty and fragrance in the recesses of some green retreat: the other is a dazzling tulip, fit only to attract attention at a horticultural show.—Well there is no accounting for tastes!"—Ethel soon left Mr. Trevelyan's particular case, to ponder on human nature in general, and there is no saying, when once launched on the ocean of metaphysics, how much time she would have wasted in weighing matters that did not concern her, had she not been interrupted by the entrance of Clara Merton, whose haggard face and agitated manner, made her ask with alarm "What was the matter?"—"Oh Ethel, how cruel you have been," Clara answered; "never to come near me all this time, and I have called here so often without finding you at home!" "My dear Clara, I dared not call at the vicarage," Ethel replied; "for some time past Mr. and Mrs. Merton have been quite cool to me, and the other day when I met you in the village, and your Mamma asked me to dinner, I saw she was glad that I refused. Mr. Albany is displeased at my refusing to persuade you to keep to your engagement, and really I get so misunderstood, and blamed right and left, in such a way, that I am afraid to move or speak."—"Oh you must not get cowardly," said Clara. "And now Ethel, I am come to tell you of a desperate step I am taking; I am going off to Workingham directly, unknown to them all, to be received into the church. Mrs. Clonbrony will give me a home for the present, till—I can get into a convent. Don't frighten me so, Ethel!" she added, as her friend sunk pale as marble into a chair.—"Oh Ethel, don't faint!" cried Clara, taking her hand; "what will become of me!"—"I am not going to faint," Ethel answered, rousing herself, "but you did frighten me dreadfully. Clara, you must give up this wild scheme. It will make the whole neighbourhood ring, and will set your Mamma more against Rome than ever. Who on earth put such a mad project into your head?" "I am my own adviser," said Clara; "I can't stay to argue the point now—time is precious—my mind is made up.—I want you to take charge of these letters, and deliver them after I am gone. Give them all to Mr. Albany, and beg him to break the news to Papa, and poor dear Mamma."—"Clara, do you think I am as mad as yourself?" said Ethel. "I will not take the letters, nor in any way countenance a scheme I think as foolish as it is wrong." "Is this your friendship, Ethel!" cried Clara, bursting into tears. "My poor

dear girl," said Ethel, throwing her arm round her friend's neck; "it would be weakness, not friendship, to aid you in doing wrong. Your father is most indulgent, and not bitter against Rome. What have you to fear? You are twenty-two years of age, and no one can prevent your joining any religion you choose. If you act with firmness and prudence, all your difficulties will vanish. Tell your parents that conscience forces you to join the Church, and that Mr. Clonbrony will receive you. They will soon see the uselessness of opposing you, and the expediency of your leaving home for a time. Nothing hurts friends like want of confidence. To be deceived by a child is the bitterest drop a parent's cup can hold. Oh Clara, you would not have the heart to inflict such a wound on parents so tender as yours have ever been!" "Stop, Ethel!" cried Clara, "unless you wish to kill me! Oh, my heart will burst!" she sobbed, pressing her hands to her bosom, "I shall—I shall—go mad!"—"Clara," said Ethel, making an effort to speak very calmly; "remember that passion is a sure sign of evil. Satan always fishes in troubled waters. Your violence convinces me that this impulse is not from above. Be warned, I beseech you; be persuaded to speak to your father at once—or at least to return to the vicarage; I will go with you; I will speak for you if that will help you; come, let us go." "Ethel, you do not know all," said Clara, becoming calmer." "Roland is on his way down; his letter of this morning announces that he will be here to-night. I must not see him, Ethel," she added, getting more excited; "I am lost if I do.—There is nothing left for me but flight."—"Really, Clara, you puzzle me," said Ethel; "is it possible you can hold the opinions you do, and still feel the slightest inclination to unite yourself to a protestant clergyman?" "O Ethel, you know nothing of those feelings," said Clara, covering her face with her hands; "it is like talking to a blind man of colours. Oh how I envy you your stoicism!" "My dear Clara, I do indeed pity you, though I cannot sympathize with you," said Ethel; "but cannot you conquer this weakness? I should have thought, that one letter of Mr. Sidney's, which you showed me, with all that unfair accusation and declamatory argument respecting the intercession of saints, was enough to disgust you, and make you feel quite indifferent to the writer." "*I* INDIFFERENT towards Roland Sidney!" Clara exclaimed, with an intensity of feeling that frightened Ethel; "when this heart ceases to beat it may be indifferent to him, but not till then. Many waters cannot quench love. Ethel, I would die a thousand deaths for his sake.—He is my idol!—If I hurt myself to listen once more to that voice, which is the sweetest of all earthly sounds to my ear, all is over; I shall sell my birth-right for a mess of pottage! Will you still tell me it is safe or right for me to expose myself to a temptation which I am certain will overcome me?" Ethel was silent. She felt like a physician, called in to a patient, attacked with a disease, of whose nature he is ignorant. Ethel knew absolutely nothing of this strange, mysterious passion by personal experience; but she was too well read not to be aware that it does exist, and that it plays a mighty part in the destinies of many women. There had been moments, it is true, when she had been tempted to question its existence, in the present day, on comparing herself, and most of her acquaintance, with Shakspere's women, for instance. But then, she had only to call to mind the melancholy revelations which are to be found in the writings of Madame de Hael, Mrs. Hemans, L. E. L., and some of the most highly gifted female writers still living, to feel sure that the human heart is the same in all ages, and that "*the thing that hath been it is that which shall be, and that which is done is that which shall be done.*" (Eccles. i. 9.) This conviction deprived Ethel of all confidence in her own powers of advising Clara. She could not enter into her friend's feelings. They were out of her depth; and she was awe struck and silenced by the intensity and reality of Clara's emotion. She felt as she had once done when watching a vessel wrecked in sight of the cliff on which she stood. Though her heart bled at the sight of the bark tossed about on the stormy waves, and dashed against the rocks, yet she knew she could be of no use, and whilst she anxiously watched the efforts of others to save the crew, she stood rooted to the spot, unable to do anything but pray. And so it was now. She could not tell what to say, what to do, when suddenly St. Bernard's well-known prayer, (the one in which he addresses Mary as the Star of the Sea, a guide when stormy waves threaten to engulph the soul,) rushed upon her memory, and she involuntarily said "Mater purissima ora pro nobis." Instantly a light seemed to break upon her mind, and she said, "Clara, I will not take upon myself the responsibility of advising you to put yourself in the way of a temptation to sacrifice what you believe to be right, to gratify an earthly passion; but, on the other hand, I cannot consent to let you do anything so scandalous as going off clandestinely; the more I think of it, the more evil I see in it. You are not in your right senses at this moment, and it is my duty, as a friend, to prevent your doing what you would bitterly repent afterwards, as much as it would be my duty to prevent your throwing yourself out of the window." Clara started up angrily. "Be patient, Clara," said Ethel, firmly; "if you attempt to leave me, I will go to your father, and I need hardly remind you that I can get to the vicarage before you could walk to the Half-way House, to say nothing of the omnibus not passing till twelve o'clock." Clara drew up her fine figure to its utmost height, and looking down on Ethel with the utmost scorn, whilst her large dark eyes flashed fire through her tears, she said, "I could not have believed it possible that such base treachery could exist in any youthful heart. How hypocritical and dishonourable, to affect friendship and sympathy, to win my confidence and throw me off my guard, and then to betray me in this way! Oh how dreadful, to find myself so deceived! Idiot that I have been, to trust so confidingly in one I knew so little of!" And here exhausted and overwhelmed, Clara hid her face in her hands, and burst into a passionate flood of tears.

"Clara, I forgive all this harsh language," said

Ethel; "you will do me justice when you are in your right senses again. But listen now to what I have to propose. Let me go down to the vicarage and speak to your father. I am sure when he hears all he will let you return here and stay with me, and you can write to Mr. Sidney, and show him the uselessness of an interview. To-morrow, with your father's consent, you could set off for Workingham." "And do you think Roland would be put off so easily?" said Clara vehemently; "do you think, if he knew I was going to Workingham, he would let me go alone?" "Well, then, stay here till he goes back to Oxford." If you refuse to see him, he would soon leave Wilbury." "As if he would stay at the vicarage, and make no effort to see me!" said Clara: "why he would come up here directly!" "Let me receive him then," said Ethel, catching at anything; "you can retire into my room, and I will see him there, and entreat him not to torment both you and himself so uselessly, nor to run the risk of making you take a step which would end in misery. If he has any generosity I shall be able to prevail upon him to release you from your engagement, without the pain of a last meeting." The words, "last meeting," touched Clara sensibly, and weakened her resolution to depart. Her tears began to flow more gently, and she felt how ill she had behaved to Ethel. "You are a real friend after all, Ethel," she said; "will you forgive me?" They went to the vicarage, and Mr. and Mrs. Merton consented to what Ethel proposed. They were quite stunned by the discovery of Clara's desperate plan, and very thankful to Ethel for having spared them the shock of finding she had gone off in so scandalous a manner. But all did not go according to Ethel's wishes. It is true she had the satisfaction of taking Clara back to Wilbury Court, and seeing her sit down very passively to dinner. But afterwards they got absorbed in conversation, and quite forgot the time, and before they had retired to Ethel's room, as they had agreed to do, a footman threw open the drawing-room door, and in a loud voice announced Mr. Sidney! Clara uttered an exclamation, and clasped her hands in despair. Ethel felt quite bewildered. "Do not leave me Ethel," said Clara faintly, as her friend rose doubtful whether to go or stay. Ethel was astonished at the degree of self-control Clara was able to exert. She rose from her seat with the air of an empress, assumed a cold severe expression, which her classical, but somewhat harsh features, were well calculated for, and extended her hand in the most formal manner possible. Then quickly withdrawing it from the pressure of Mr. Sidney's, she introduced Ethel, who, surprised as she was, had tact enough to imitate her, and assuming the air of the lady of the mansion, she begged Mr. Sidney to sit down, in a very stately manner inquired whether he had dined, &c. He had stayed but a short time at the vicarage, but he refused to have anything brought in. However, Ethel rang for tea, thinking it would be a relief to all parties. Poor Mr. Sidney tried in vain to conceal his vexation; his cheek crimsoned, and his hand trembled in spite of all his efforts to appear at ease. The possibility of Clara's receiving him in this way, never crossed his mind. He had expected hard words and stern resolutions; but he expected they would be mingled with tears and sighs, and that he should prevail at last. But now there seemed a settled determination to give him no opportunity to plead his cause, and at last he began to think Clara really had become indifferent to him. He was piqued, and tried to imitate her. After a very uncomfortable evening, he took leave; Clara keeping up the character she had assumed to the last. As soon as he was gone, poor Clara bent her head down upon the table, and gave way to a passionate burst of weeping. Ethel said all she could think of to strengthen and comfort her, and at last, persuaded her to join her in reciting the Psalms both were accustomed to say at night—a translation of part of the Breviary—in use among the High-Church Anglicans, and this seemed to restore poor Clara's tranquillity. But Clara's severest trial was yet to come. Early the next morning, a letter from Mr. Sidney was brought to her, written in the most generous, self-sacrificing spirit. He freed her from her promise without a reproach. He avoided touching on his own disappointment, and seemed anxious only that she should pause, before committing herself irrevocably, with regard to religion. He begged as the last request he should ever make, that she would let him take leave of her, as a friend or brother, promising not to allude to their former position. Clara granted this unwise request, and the result was, a fainting fit, when he left her, followed by a degree of nervous weakness, which forced her to delay leaving Wilbury. The next day, she insisted on setting off, though evidently ill, and Ethel resolved to accompany her. We ought to have observed, that Ethel had a small fortune left her by her god-father, which no doubt helped to make her self-willed, by enabling her to act in a very independent way. With her usual rapidity, Ethel decided on going; made her preparations; wrote to Mrs. Raymond; and left Wilbury in the course of a few hours.

(To be continued.)

EARLY RISING.

Industry is up with the sun, she waketh at the crowing of the cock, and walketh abroad to taste the sweetness of the morning.

She is ruddy as the daughter of health; her ears are delighted with the music of the shrill lark.

Her garment sweepeth the dew-drop from the new stubble and the green grass, and her path is by the murmuring of the purling brook.

Her appetite is keen; her blood is pure and temperate, and her pulse beateth even.

Her house is elegant, her handmaids are the daughters of neatness, and plenty smileth at her table.

She saunters not, neither stretcheth herself out on the couch of indolence.

She crieth not, What have I to do? but the work of her hands is the thought of a moment.

She listeneth not to the gossip's tale, she sippeth not her tea in scandal; but employment is the matter of her discourse.

Her work is done at evening, but the work of the slothful is put off till to-morrow.—*The Young Lady's Friend.*

TESTIMONY OF THOSE OUT OF THE CHURCH.

No 6.

THE SPIRITUAL SUPREMACY OF THE SOVEREIGN PONTIFF, AND THAT NO UNION CAN REASONABLY BE EXPECTED APART FROM ROME.

In the whole range of ecclesiastical history, no point is more clearly demonstrated and more invincibly established, than the spiritual supremacy of the sovereign Pontiff. Of course in its origin it was not what precisely it became some ages later; but in this is distinctly seen its divine character; for what exists legitimately, and for ages, exists at first in embryo, and is gradually developed. As usual we shall confine ourselves to Protestant testimony on this point, and were we to adduce all that is within reach, we might adduce sufficient to form a tolerably large volume. We will limit ourselves to a few.

1. We cannot do better than begin with Luther, who has allowed the following memorable words to drop from his pen: "I give thanks to Jesus Christ, for his preserving on the earth one only Church, and this by a striking miracle, so that never has it in any degree departed from the true faith." See Bossuet's Variations, Lib. 4. No. 21.

2. "To the true Church," says Melancthon, "guides are essential to maintain order, to have an eye to those who are called to the ecclesiastical ministry, to the doctrine of priests, and to exercise ecclesiastical judgments, so that if there were no such bishops, it would be necessary to create them. The supremacy of the Pope would serve excellently to maintain among various nations uniformity of doctrine." Ibid. lib. 5. sec. 24.

3. Calvin comes next. "God," he says, "has placed the throne of his religion in the centre of the world, and there too has he placed an only Pontiff, towards whom all are obliged to look in order to maintain themselves more effectually in unity." Inst. 6. 11.

4. The learned and virtuous Grotius expresses himself without reserve on this subject: "Without the primacy of the Pope," he says, "there would be no possibility of terminating disputes and fixing faith, as we see among Protestants at the present day." Votum pro pace. Art. 7. tom. 4.

If we might quote a lady commentator on the foregoing text, we would adduce Madame de Stael. She remarks: "The right to examine what is to be believed is the fundamental principle of Protestantism. The first reformers understood it not so. They fancied themselves able to place the columns of Hercules, as a barrier to the human mind, at the boundary of their own knowledge; but they were quite mistaken in supposing that they should be able to subject to their decisions as infallible, those who denied all such authority in the Catholic Church." De l' Allamagne 4 partie c. 2. p. 13.

5. Casaubon makes no difficulty whatever in acknowledging "that every man at all acquainted with church history is quite aware that the Pope was the instrument in the hands of God for preserving the deposit of faith in all its integrity for so many ages." Exerc. 15 in An.

6. Puffendorf sensibly observes: "We cannot doubt that the government of the church is monarchical, and necessarily monarchical, democracy and aristocracy in the nature of things being excluded as absolutely incapable of preserving order and unity amidst the agitation of party spirit and fury." De monarch Pont Rom.

To this he appends a sage remark: "The suppression of the Papal authority has scattered through the world the germs of endless disorders; for having no longer any sovereign authority to end disputes, which started up on every side, we have seen Protestants dividing among themselves, and with their own hands tearing to pieces their own bowels." Ibid.

7. We find that James I. owned the Pope to be patriarch of the west, and the church of Rome to be our mother, in a public speech to his Parliament, 1603: "I acknowledge," he says, "the church of Rome to be our mother church. Patriarchs, I know, were in the time of the primitive Church, and I likewise reverence that institution for order sake; and for myself (if that were yet the question) I would with all my heart give my consent that the bishop of Rome should have the first seat. I being a western king would go with the patriarch of the west, and as for his temporal principality over the seignory of Rome, I do not quarrel with it neither; let him in God his name be Primus Episcopus inter omnes episcopos et princeps episcoporum, so it be no otherwise but as Peter was Princeps Apostolorum."

8. Whitaker says: "We do not deny Peter to have been the foundation and the governor of the church, neither shall we at all hesitate (if required) to acknowledge its having been promised to him in the words," &c. Cont. 4. Q. 2. c. 2.

Again he asks: "Who does not confess that Peter is the rock and foundation of the church?" Contra Dur Lib. 5. Sec 4.

9. "We candidly confess," says Bacon, "that in the opinion of the ancient fathers, the Roman church held the primacy, having the chain of Peter, and his bishops being accounted his successors." Prop ad Concilium.

10. There is a farther passage from Calvin, which ought not to be omitted: "There is no word in all the writings of St. Gregory the First, wherein he more proudly boasts of the greatness of his supremacy, than where he says, that he knows *no Bishop* who is not subject to the see apostolic." Lib. 4. c. 7. sec. 12.

The common objection from the letter of this great Pontiff to John of Constantinople is thus answered by a learned Protestant: "Some object," says Friccius, "the authority of Gregory, deeming the name of *universal* bishop to belong to the precursor of Antichrist; but the reason appears from the words themselves, viz: that this title is inconsistent with the grace poured upon all bishops. Whilst it is clear from other parts of his writings, that he believed the *charge* and the *principia* of the *whole church* to have been given to Peter, and yet Gregory thought not Peter a precursor of Antichrist." De Eccles. Lib. 2. c. 10.

11. Finally, so evidently has been the exercise of the supremacy of Rome in every age, that we are positively assured by Mr. Middleton, that "if we but peruse the councils, fathers, and stories from the *apostles* forward, we shall *every where* find the print of the *Pope's feet*." Papisto-Mastix. p. 193.

We had intended to have appended some remarks to this paper on the impossibility of union among the multifarious sects of Protestantism, so long as they remain in a state of isolation from Rome, but we must defer them to our next number. We may aptly close with a short passage from Hunter, a Protestant writer: "When we look back upon past ages, and behold how the Papacy has outlived all other institutions; how it has witnessed the rise and wane of so many states, itself, amid the endless fluctuations of human things, preserving and asserting the self-same unchangeable spirit, can we wonder that many look to it as to that *Rock*, which rears itself unshaken amid the beating surges of time?"

People do more for the truth by edifying, than by disputing with warmth about it.

One may have a bad opinion of him who has no good opinion of any one.

Obstacles do not prevent success, though they shackle and delay it.

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